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Primavera

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Primavera

Ross Karp

Enjambres de libélulas proclaman:
- El mundo entero será especia!
Pistas de fuertes colores inflaman
La nariz, abierta por aire de ajo.

Unos vientos de albahaca mojado
Muelen la tierra, dejando pimienta
Grís. En llanos de sal cristalizado
Se disvuelen todas las aguas del mar.

Teñidos de rojo por goterones
De azafrán, las casitas polvorientes
Tienen particiones de pimentones
Y ventanas de azúcar delicada.

Hojas se derriten, incandescente –
Miel vibrando con alborozo de oro.
Aulas de perejil va vagamente
A través de nubes y canela fina.

¡Luz gustosa! Mis manos se convierten,
Ramas intrincadas de menta verde
Que saltan, crecen, avanzan, y vierten –
Y anhelan el sol de la primavera.

Spring

[English translation]

Swarms of dragonflies proclaim:

- The entire world will be spice!

Trails of strong color enflame

The nose, open for garlic air.

Winds of wet basil

Grind the earth, leaving grey

Pepper. All the waters of the sea

Dissolve into plains of crystallized salt.

Dyed red by raindrops

Of saffron, the dusty little houses

Have walls of paprika

And windows of delicate sugar.

Leaves melt, incandescent –

Honey vibrating with golden joy.

Parsley wings vaguely go

Across clouds and fine cinnamon.

Delicious light! My hands transform,

Intricate branches of green mint

That jump, growl, advance, and spill –

And yearn for the spring sun.